Pure Heroin

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Pure Heroin

by Hawkbringer

Summary

In Florence, Italy, after Will passed the test that would have been Mizumono, Hannibal tests Will's submissive streak to the breaking point, trying to engineer The Becoming. It happens over an episode of trying to make Will do heroin. (originally written 31st july 2015)

Notes

Will makes it very clear when he is doing things he does not want to. When he pulls the trigger on that innocent rich Florentine family, he declares quite clearly, with plenty of eununciation, that he does not want to do this, but he will. Essentially, "I don't wike it!"

He does it, he does /everything/, kisses Hannibal, eats things, drinks things, cooperates with injections when Hannibal decides to give them to him, though he probably doesn't aside from morphine for the gunshot wound at one point. His /negotiating/ would of course be the most interesting to watch, and would be the /real/ fulcrum of their relationship. Will understands the rules of being a sub perfectly, and he adheres to them. Hannibal is trying to get Will to bend them. Perhaps the big reveal for /this/ fic about these two post-Forgiveness (with capital letters) is that Hannibal does not want a perfect sub. He wants Will to be his highest self. /Will/ is the one who wants to /be/ a perfect sub. And this is not the plan Hannibal has for him.

So Will, of course, eventually molds himself into something stronger, not a victim. And we see at the end that it /was/ all for Will's betterment. The /worst possible/ way to make someone have a more resilient personality. /Mold/ them into it with unimaginable cruelties heaped upon them, /breaking/ them completely, and once their true desire is known, twist it. Make them be only what Hannibal wants him to be.

(Or perhaps he has Will try heroin for the lulz. Whether Will would become an addict or not would be entirely in Hannibal's hands. Would Hannibal do that? Just kind of play with Will like an elephant on acid, just to see what it would do? Is Will's value in his novelty or his excellent conversational abilities? No, I think Hannibal does things to Will specifically for his betterment, his refinement. And he'd be trying to get will to fight back. Perhaps Hannibal is just spoiling for a fight - his masochistic streak showing.)

- Inspired by Black Mirror by Nerve_Itch

Chapter 1

Will is shaking when presented with the needle. His gaze, fixed on Hannibal is an otherwordly type of steady. Hannibal explains that this is heroin and it will help Will relax before their sex play that night. Will replies that he does not want to accept it, tells some sob story about his family history and hard drugs, and ends it by asking if Will the useless, coked-out druggie was something Hannibal wanted hanging around him, begging him for more hits, since of course, as the perfect Sub, Will would not seek to get his fix on his own, he would ask it of Hannibal, and Hannibal only.

Will's eyes narrow. "Everything you do to me, you do to better me. I trust you completely and I will never tell you 'no'." Hannibal thins his lips at how completely Will is channeling Bedelia in this moment, enunciating his words so they cannot be misheard. "How will you /manage/ me if I become addicted?"

"You won't," Hannibal replies glibly, cooking the drug within Will's line of sight to ensure Will draws the correct conclusion as to its contents.

"You're simply /trusting/ that my mind can overcome my body? Or are you just interested in seeing what happens?" Will rolls his head on his neck to follow Hannibal's movements about the room. "There are far more effective perception-enhancing drugs, Hannibal, all far less addictive. I'd rather do LSD," he states bluntly as Hannibal holds the filled spoon out and picks up a clean needle to start drawing from it.

"I want you to do /this/ drug," Hannibal insists, filling the needle. Will has no idea how many milliliters is too many.

"How will this /help/ me?" Will counters, making no move to run away. He is sitting passively in the chair and his skin is /crawling/. Hannibal could smell his fear from 50 feet away, it's been pouring off of him for so long now, saturating the air. Something like disgust is starting to color it, though, and Hannibal pauses to gauge Will's expression.

"What do you mean?" he goads, laying the needle down flat on the counter. Will's shoulders untense fractionally.

"When you give me drugs, it has always been for my benefit. To induce a new state of mind, to expand my perception, to broaden my horizons. Or simply to induce pleasure." Hannibal's gaze flicks demurely to the floor briefly as he fingers the switch on the lamp in his memory palace that holds that memory, recalling with perfect clarity Will's overly exuberant cries. "You have given me alcohol, ecstacy, marijuana, LSD, psyllocibin, and a dozen other compounds I think you manufactured specifically /for/ me that have no common name. They all had /purpose/, Hannibal. What /purpose/ does this serve?"

"Are you afraid of addiction, Will?"

"I'm afraid of you losing focus," Will snaps. Hannibal's shoulders relax fractionally. Will in a state of mind to snap is a Will in a state of mind to be reasoned with.

When he wears Bedelia's vocal cadence like armor, Hannibal has never tried to reach for him through it. It seems uncouth to try, out of respect for his psychiatrist's memory. And it does no harm to let Will have his little illusions of imperviousness. It hardly matters anyway - Hannibal can always get Will to drop her mind-set within short order anyway.

"And what focus is that?"

"Me," Will replied quite simply, and Hannibal nearly chuckles at the way Will's face twists in self-recrimination for a split-second before Will controls it.

Hannibal places an empty, gloved hand on Will's cheek, which makes the younger man sneer. "Don't touch me with those dirty gloves," he snarls fairly civilly. "You're done with them anyway, aren't you?"

Hannibal shrugs with his eyebrows and removes the gloves, placing them beside the ready syringe on the counter and touches Will's cheek again, warmed, as always, by the way Will subtly leans into it. He feels so /recklessly/, his precious boy. Heart always on his sleeve.

"You're supposed to protect me. Nurture me. I am supposed to /Become/ under your care." Will's eyes slip closed as he utters his deepest truths.

Hannibal cannot tell if Will /believes/ his own words, but Will /has/ consistently attempted to bring about this state of affairs. Hannibal interprets what he's hearing as Will's most heart-felt wish. "Have you considered the possibility that you already /have/?"

Will shakes his head minutely and before Hannibal can chastise him for lazy thinking, Will replies, "I'm not ever going to want to be rid of you. I will be your masterpiece for the rest of my living days." Will opens his eyes and attempts to frighten Hannibal with the ferocity displayed in them. "The only way I will leave your side is if you kill me. /And I would let it happen/."

Hannibal does not display outwardly that he is affected - Will would not have appreciated the affection-filled smile he would have bestowed.

"Then why will you not let /this/ happen?" Will lifts his eyebrows momentarily.

"Oh, I /will/," he replies glibly, dialing back the intensity of his gaze. He attempts to glance nonchalantly at the needle but fails. "I just won't like it."

"Do you like everything I do to you?" Hannibal queries curiously, easing Will toward the conclusion he wants his partner to say out loud for him.

"Unless I state otherwise," Will replies flatly. He doesn't see where this is getting them, but doesn't even attempt to rise from the chair. /It's a good chair for napping in,/ he considers as Hannibal forms his next thought.

"Is that why you let me do it?"

Will shakes his head. "I have no wish to fight you. I don't want you /incapacitated/, Hannibal. Not now that you're my /Keeper/."

Hannibal hums, shucking the other glove off his wrist and settles into a chair a short distance across the room from Will's. He can see Will out of the corner of his eye, facing the same wall Will does. When they hold conversations facing the same direction, Hannibal intends for Will to think of them as equals. When he faces Will head-on, he wants him to be reminded of their asymmetry, as Will phrased it once.

"What do you mean when you call me your Keeper? What are you expecting of me?" They have had this conversation before, but never quite in these circumstances. Never has he asked what Will does /not/ want Hannibal to do.

Will blinks repeatedly as he composes his thoughts. He adopts Bedelia's speech pattern for the duration, but Hannibal recognizes it not as a retreat but as a bid for a grasp of language that completely excludes sarcasm, something his default self is seldom able to do. He chooses his words with extreme care and speaks slowly.

"I... need... for someone to tell me what to do. I have had /many/ people in my life that have told me what to do. I prefer you over all of them. That is why I am here." Will exhales shakily and tips his head back, exhausted from keeping his face blank and eyes focused on middle distance to prevent a completely plaintive expression from forming upon his face.

"You are... better at taking care of me than I ever was. You are better at it than anyone else has ever been. When you /do not/ take care of me, I get... anxious. I start to doubt. I am not sure if I am doubting your ability to care for me.... Or my ability to know what being cared for means." He opens his eyes and keeps them on the ceiling.

"I know your kindness and I know your manipulation. I know your neuroses and your quirks and your /appetites/ and I know we share many of them. Not all. Your appetite for my company is something I am willing to feed... even at the expense of being fed /people/." Will blinks at the ceiling for a few moments.

Hannibal does not interrupt him.

"I have felt... Or rather, I have /known/, what it is to be /alone/, Hannibal." Hannibal internally celebrates the return of Will's own speech pattern. "I do not ever want to feel that again. Everything you do, you do to bring me closer to you, and I want that. I do /not/ want for you to treat me like some lab specimen that you can /perform tests on/ at will!" His voice started rising on 'lab specimen' and the sentence ends nearly in a shout. Hannibal's pulse rises by 2 beats per minute.

"I am your /work of art/. I want you to /create/ me, not destroy me." His eyes flutter shut again and he pleads in the most beautiful, broken voice. "Please. Don't destroy me. Not again. Don't... break what you've built, Hannibal. How many times must you witness a miracle before you believe?"

"A miracle?" That seems a bit of a stretch at this point.

"The teacup that you shattered. /I/ came back together. A place was made for Abigail in our world. /That/ miracle."

"She left us."

"She /had/ to. To /grow/. That's what normal fathers /do/, Hannibal, they let their children /go/. Garret Jacob Hobbs couldn't do that for her, and I /know/ you're nothing so ingrown and, and... and /incestuous/ as he!" Hannibal chuckles now for real, and Will's incredulous gaze nearly lit him on fire with its hate. "If you /touched her/, I'll-"

Hannibal holds up his hands. "Calm your ire, Will. I never dishonored Abigail like that. I simply wonder how 'incestuous' you would find the act of eating one's own sister?"

"I don't have a sister," he replies flatly, grateful Hannibal seemed to be steering the conversation away from heroin for the moment.

"/I/ did," Hannibal replies flippantly. Will's eyebrows rise past his messy hairline and he is silent for a solid minute, words starting and stopping in his mouth, lips flapping open and closed like a fish.

Hannibal smiles quite inscrutably and Will has gone red in the face by the time he gathers his wits back about him and says, "Well. I. I suppose I'm not surprised. I. Where were we?" His face conveys the multi-layered message that Will remembers perfectly where they left off and is daring Hannibal to misdirect him again.

"We were discussing what you wanted from me as your Keeper." Will glances once at the ceiling instead of rolling his eyes. "You openly admitted to having been broken and were expressing a desire not to repeat the experience." Will nods emphatically at that, seemingly beyond his control, as his face remains somber.

"Everyone I've ever.../entrusted/ myself to kept /breaking/ me. You're the /only/ one who has tried to put me back together."

"And succeeded, I would say."

"See, that's where we disagree. /I/ say I'm not finished, since I don't look 100% like you yet."

"I do not /want/ you to be a perfect copy of myself, Will. How /boring/. I want you to become /yourself/. We are strikingly alike, but profoundly alien. For instance, I would not want you to lose your gift for empathy."

(GODDAMNIT I HAD THE REPLY HERE THAT WAS TO BE THE FINAL POINT OF THE ARGUMENT AND I, LIKE, TOTALLY LOST IT. ARRRRGH.)
("Then don't drug me for your own amusement. Drug me to make me a better Will Graham." "I have been waiting, not for your commands, but for your /refusal/." That is the end game.)

Impatiently, Will shakes his head and nearly cuts over Hannibal. "You're doing it /better/. I want you to /control/ me." He shivers as he admits it, as though /all/ of his actions for the past several /months/ have done nothing but scream this fact to Hannibal.

"I know," he replies. "That is why I have been testing your limits." He folds his fingers together and rests his chin on them. "There have been other requests of you I have made that

you have stated you would not prefer to engage in, but this is the first request you have /feared/. You see no point in it. I admit, there is none. I have no intention of administering heroin to you against your will, my dear boy."

"Then what--?"

"I have been waiting, not for your capitulation to my every whim, but for your /refusal./ That Abigail beat you to it should be a matter of bruised pride for you. But perhaps she managed it through some iota of residual naieve adolescent optimism. You have none. Only a barely-functioning self-protective instinct."

He unfolds his hands and stands from his chair, moves closer to Will as he reveals, "You are correct that you are still broken, Will. Desiring this amount of control to be exercised over your life is not healthy. A partner who refuses me nothing will grow dull."

Will hisses a sound like a wounded animal. "Your orders are all I /have/. I /am/ nothing without them." Hannibal resists the urge to backhand Will across the face.

"I am insulted," he says instead. "I have trained you better than that." Will's eyes lift up and he doesn't protest, verbally or chemically, Hannibal's presence in his personal space, looming over him right before his chair.

"I will do /anything/ you ask me to," Will admits lowly, eyebrows jumping with the heart-wrenching sincerity of his words. "How much better /can/ you train me?"

Hannibal leans forward at the waist and grasps Will's chin in one hand. "I can train you to have a little /pride/."

Will gets it, immediately gets it, and twists his head to catch part of Hannibal's hand between his teeth. He only manages to tear a small chunk from the outside of Hannibal's thumb.

Completely unconcerned, the man lifts the injured hand to his own eye level to study it. His eyes flick down to Will's after a dramatic pause. "It's a start," he goads.

Then Will leaps out of his chair and they have mutually-violent hate-sex like Spike and Buffy did that one time, crashing into furniture and breaking valuable things and Hannibal would pay a thousand, a million times, the cost of those frivolous items (that he didn't buy in the first place anyway, squatting at the Sogliatto's as they are) for the sensation of a completely-trusting Will Graham fighting him, fighting to /get closer/, never away.

Perhaps they answer the door for the disturbed neighbors as house-sitters, still in the honeymoon phase and a bit carried away. Both make no move at all to wipe the blood from their faces and the neighbors try to forget they ever saw it. Some are unsuccessful. They are not troubled by it for long.

Thereafter, Will refuses Hannibal sometimes, and relegates their moments of Will entering subspace to solely when they are alone.

It was a nice vacation, and Will has a whole room in his memory palace devoted to the time he spent whittling himself into Hannibal's perfect little slave, but the moment he touches the large, comfy chair, it all comes crashing down.

After that, Will Graham had a little more appreciation for watching things break.

Okay, well, I still didn't remember precisely how I was going to phrase it, but that outcome got to where I wanted it anyway, and pretty fluidly. Hannibal the Expositor is a little hammy or whatever, but if /Will/ is stuck in 'i just want to obey you' mode, Hannibal /would/ have to be the one to say, 'then obey me and fight me.' or something to that effect.

Mmm, like that one line from a Kuroshitsuji fic where Ciel told Sebastian to resist obeying Ciel's orders for as long as he could, and since /that/ was an order, Sebby immediately began feeling these briar-vines wrap around him tighter and tighter and it was the /perfect/ kind of bondage and Ciel didn't let it last very long before telling Sebby he could stop. But for Will, it would do the opposite. It would set him free.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Simply an alternate ending for the Pure Heroin entry, from the break-off point where I totally lost the thread of their argument.

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("Then don't drug me for your own amusement. Drug me to make me a better Will Graham." "I have been waiting, not for your commands, but for your /refusal/." That is the end game.)

"I am not interested in controlling every minute facet of your life, Will. That would become exhausting. If you /need/ it, and I sense you do, I can provide you with a token of security in lived fantasies such as these on a limited basis with plenty of warning ahead of time. I am a very busy man, you know."

"You'll never be too busy for me," Will tells him with complete certainty.

Hannnibal blinks twice and tilts his head invitingly.

Will elaborates. "I want to stay by your side for the rest of my life. If you try to /leave me/ somewhere... I'll find you." Hannibal's inquisitive head tilt smooths itself out and the intrigue has left his voice.

"I highly doubt you are capable of that in your current state, dependent as you are on my orders to maintain your persona." Will smiles faintly as he shakes his head.

"Don't underestimate the /desperation/ of a slave separated from its master." Hannibal's face freezes in place and Will almost doesn't notice but for the coldness in his voice as he replies.

"Is that how you think of yourself, Will? As my /slave/?" Will nods emphatically.

"Yes. That's all I want to be. To obey you..." he sucks a breath in as though savoring the thought, "/Utterly/ and become exactly what you have planned out for me to become."

Jaw muscles jumping with the effort of keeping his back teeth from grinding together, Hannibal forces between his teeth, "What you will Become is not for me to /decide/. Will, your Higher Self is no more a slave than mine is a slave-driver." He waits a beat. "We will be /gods/."

He sees Will is largely unmoved and descends to his level, embracing paradox. "If you want /orders/ to follow, follow /this/ one. Free yourself from my instructions and place at least one-/tenth/ the value of your own opinions and desires as you place on /mine/. Your empathy told you I wanted to raise you /as a slave/?"

Will shudders, wrapping both arms around his shoulders and the further display of weakness further infuriates Hannibal. Which may or may not be Will Graham's design (he's looking for punishment, the smol bb.) "You were so pleased when I did what you wished me to do. If I ever angered you..."

"I would give up on you, is that what you thought? I would simply kill you and eat you and leave your bones to be picked over by dogs in an alley? You /truly believed/ I thought so little of you that I would /kill/ you?"

Will's legs are drawing up to shield himself from the coming storm. This was precisely what he was trying to /avoid/ happening, but Hannibal's trap was too tight to weasel himself out of. He had wanted the truth. Will had wanted to give it to him. And this is the result.

The tiny, barely-heard voice in the back of WIll's skull that sounds remarkably like Alana Bloom shouts at him in tinny stereo, asking him if this wasn't what he had wanted all along. Had he been /baiting/ Hannibal, saying he didn't want to be broken again? Weren't there still boundaries to cross? Things they hadn't done? Hannibal had yet to hurt him /sadistically/. Was all this a ploy to get him to show /emotion/? Alana screams at him in his head. Will shuts the tiny voice up by reminding himself how she had looked in Hannibal's naked arms as Will fucked Margot. And suddenly, it isn't himself he wants to punish.

Hannibal thrusts out an arm and seizes Will by the collar of his rather expensive shirt. "As long as I am able to place my hands upon your body, I promise that you shall not die, dear Will. And I /keep/ my promises. /All/ of them." He stands, and hauls Will upright with him, and Will, in that moment, in seeing what disgust and fury he has brought to the fore to twist Hannibal's face into something ugly, Will decides to fight.

"You will survive what I am about to do to you, William. But only just."

Will hauls an arm back and punches him straight in the jaw.

Hannibal truly had not been expecting that. But he recovers quickly. He grabs for Will's arms, reacting entirely defensively, grappling without purpose until at one point he yanks an arm too hard accidentally and Will bites his neck for it. Thereafter, Hannibal actively antagonizes

Will as they fight, pulling his punches at the last second until the moment he /doesn't/ and /still/ misses. It's like the breaking of dawn as Hannibal sees he has truly molded Will into behaving like an equal, at least for the moment.

And they tussle about the room, breaking expensive things and bruising large tracts of skin on the corners of furniture that doesn't slide across the carpeted floor. For every injury Will inflicts upon Hannibal, Hannibal subtracts one from the total count he was going to apply to Will.

When they wake up in the utterly ruined bed the next morning, Hannibal is the one better off. But not by much. He is able to stumble to the kitchen for water and blood transfusions.

He holds the thin needle above his own non-dominant elbow and considers the way it shakes with dehydration and blood loss' residual chill. He makes a split-second decision and stabs the thing into his jugular instead. It is a much larger vein and he does not miss. His hands are much steadier when he returns to minister to Will.

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